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CLOSING LAW IS OUT

ARMY OF QUAIL HUNTERS BEGINS MARCH TO-MORROW.

May Hunt for Bob White from Now Until January 1—Birds Are Not Plentiful.

BEST FIELDS FOR NIMRODS

SOUTHERN INDIANA THE HABITAT OF LARGEST NUMBERS.

Many Men Have Already Left the City to Be Ready for the Day-light Start.

When the sun rises to-morrow it will cast its first rays upon many hunters starting out in the fields with their dogs and guns in pursuit of quail. The game law gives the residents of this State the right to shoot quails from Nov. 10 until Jan. 1, and during that period those who are fond of the sport will put in all of the time available. All of the roads leading out of the city will be traveled by many hunters early in the morning and all of the surrounding woods and cornfields will be filled with them. Many have become so anxious that they have already gone to their favorite hunting grounds, so that when daylight first presents itself they can be afield.

There is no sport that so thoroughly arouses the enthusiasm of men as hunting quails. These men who hunt seem to have a sympathy and close fellowship with each other, and, no matter where they meet, be it lodge room or reception, they get in a corner to themselves and there recite the exploits and incidents that they have gone through with their dogs and guns, and they seem to get almost as much enjoyment out of the telling of these field happenings as they did when they occurred.

The game law which was passed in 1901 has had remarkable results so far as the preserving of game in this State and elevating the sport of hunting are concerned. Formerly men of all classes could go anywhere and shoot as they pleased. The consequence was that the farmers were heavy losers, for their stock was often killed and disabled and many times the chickens, ducks and other poultry were shot by these reckless hunters and bagged for their own use. The law now says that whoever hunts with dog or dogs, or whoever hunts or shoots with any kind of firearms upon any inclosed land without first securing the written consent of the owner or tenant thereof, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction shall be fined not less than $10 and not more than $25. By this provision the farmer has the right to eject and have arrested any whom he finds hunting on his grounds without permission. The result is that at the present time there is a better class of hunters than ever before. The men who now hunt do so because they love the sport and they do not go in the field with the intention of doing injury to either stock or property. A man who hunts in a sportsmanlike manner first ascertains from the farmer if there is any stock in the territory in which he desires to shoot. If there is he immediately goes elsewhere. Should he know that there was no large stock, such as horses and cows, in the vicinity, he should learn definitely if any of the surrounding farmers have sheep pastured where he desires to hunt, for often the noise of a gun will stampede these animals. A good sportsman will further take the precaution never to shoot in the direction of a house, for, although he may be at a safe distance from it, shot, especially when shooting in the air, will carry further than is often estimated, and when it comes rattling down on the roof or against the windows it is quite a difficult matter to make the inmates believe that the hunter was not only a short distance away and not shooting directly at the house. With the average man that now hunts he is as anxious to preserve the property and stock of the farmer as the farmer is to have them preserved, and he will do nothing reckless for fear of jeopardizing his right to hunt.

NO SUNDAY SHOOTING.

Another provision in the game law that keeps the reckless hunter from the field is the clause which says: "Whoever hunts or shoots song birds or any species of game with any kind of firearms on Sunday shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and shall be fined not less than $10 nor more than $50." This keeps the boys and a class of men from hunting who do not go for the amount of sport which they derive from it, but merely go through the rural districts armed with guns and causing disturbance and damage. Many farmers before this law was enacted looked upon Sunday with dread instead of a day of peace and rest, because they knew that their woods and fields would be filled with a class of hunters who had respect for neither life nor property. This condition of affairs was especially true with the farmers located close to the city whose forms were accessible to the street car lines.

The report has reached the city that quails are very plentiful this year, but those who are in a position to know say that this is not so and that there are not as many birds as last year or the year previous. The reason for this is because the extreme cold weather that prevailed last winter killed many of them. Those who are going to the country with the anticipation of finding quails everywhere will be greatly disappointed, for every covey that is found will have to be worked for. As the little brown quail is now flying through the fields and meadows on these bright autumn days he little realizes that he is the object of so much thought and speculation, and he is also ignorant of the many conspiracies that have been formed against him. While he sits in the cornfield or on top of the rail fence calling "Bob White" he is unconscious of the crusades that are getting ready to start out in pursuit of him.

Men put in as much time getting their dogs and guns ready to hunt this game bird as if he was the mortal enemy of man. The reason no doubt that so much interest is aroused in hunting him is the fact that the quail is about the only and most essential game bird that is found in the Mississippi valley, with the exception of a few woodcocks and a spring and fall flight of ducks. Indiana has long been a home for the quail because the winters here are not of long duration. When, however, a winter does happen to have many weeks of exceptionally cold weather, or much sleet and rain, the birds die off fast, for in the one case they freeze to death and in the other, as there is a crust of ice formed over the ground, they are prevented from scratching through for food and consequently they starve. The American quail is not migratory, but is found in nearly every State of the Union. Efforts to introduce the migratory quail of Europe have not proved successful.

THE GOOD QUAIL FIELD.

In this State much of the quail hunting is done in the southern part, because there the woods and hills act as a protection to them and afford shelter. Near this city there are a few coveys, but none to amount to anything, because they are hunted so closely that they are soon scattered. In some of the city parks small coveys can be found at all times of the year. The best hunting in the State is found in Clay, Boone, Daviess, Greene, Ohio, Orange, Scott and all of the lower counties. The reason, no doubt, that the birds are mostly found in these parts is that they are less thickly inhabited and the farms are less cleared than in the other parts of the State. Another thing that makes this country favorable for the shooting of quails is that many of the farms have patches of woods adjoined by corn and stubble fields, which always makes a fine combination, for the birds go to the woods for shelter and to the fields to feed. Whenever country of this kind can be found it will always be noticed that there are one or more coveys in it. The quails also prefer country that is slightly rising and somewhat elevated. It must be understood that this bird cannot be found in any kind of country, just so that it is away from the city, as the novice at hunting often thinks. The quail is very particular about the places where he stays, and to be a successful hunter of him this must be studied closely.

While the native quail does not migrate, it will sometimes seek shelter and food in severe winters in less exposed places than farms. This is proved by the fact that often on extremely cold fall days coveys of quail can be found in the city. The birds hatch out their young in the late spring months or early summer—generally during the months of May and June, although they vary slightly according to the weather. It is known that under certain conditions they will hatch at any time during the summer, although such occasions are rare. The way that it is determined at what time they hatch is by the various sizes of quails that can be found in one covey. Often it is noticed that in a single bunch there will be all sized birds from exceedingly young ones up to those full grown. The quail hatches from fifteen to twenty-five eggs at a time, and generally hatches one brood each year and sometimes two. There is no bird, probably, that has as many peculiar traits as this one. Quails thoroughly understand that they are hunted and will do everything to avoid the hunters. Also they have other peculiarities in their modes of living—such, for example, as the rooster sitting on the fence and whistling "Bob White," while the hen sits on the eggs. When the brood is hatched if she happens to get killed he will raise the family. Of course this is not only peculiar to the quail for there are a number of other birds that do the same thing.

HABITS OF THE BIRDS.

At this time of the year, especially while the weather has been like it has in the last few months, the quail likes to roost at nights in the woods and spend his days in the cornfields and along the roads. Especially in the middle of the day this bird likes to take dust baths and can be seen wallowing in the dirt along the roads. During dry weather the quails will move early in the morning and keep on the move during the whole day, but when the atmosphere is damp and cold, or if it is raining, they will sit huddled together under the thicket or brush pile. The manner in which they sit under shelter is entirely original with this species of bird. They form a circle, with their faces turned outward and their tails turned toward each other, and thus they will sit for hours. The quails feed mostly on grain, and rye particularly. Coveys can always be found near a rye stubblefield, and particularly a field that is slightly covered with rag weed. It is often noticed that when a covey of quails starts to fly they will ascend with a whirring noise, which most people who are not familiar with the bird think they can't help making, but it is known that this noise is entirely voluntary on their part. The quail is shrewd enough to know that this noise often startles the new hunter to such an extent that he forgets to shoot, and if he does will not come anywhere near the object of his aim. Also with young, inexperienced dogs this whirring will startle them when they run unaware upon a covey resting in the bushes, and often they will run for their master. When quails are frightened they do not make this noise which is so welcome to the ear of the experienced hunter.

The men of this city take a great amount of interest in quail shooting, and each year large parties of them go for two and three weeks' hunts. Some of the local business and professional men are quite good shots. Those who are prominent in shooting circles are: William B. Craig, Dr. Henry Jameson, Dr. O. F. Britton, John Cooper, John M. Lilly, W. B. Allen, Harry Stout, George Alig, jr., Horace Wood, Paul H. Krauss, jr., Joseph E. Bell, W. F. Churchman, F. F. Churchman, O. L. Webb, Edward C. Dickman, Charles Holtman, Horace Comstock, Ernest Tripp, Thomas Parry and a large number of others. These men all have their favorite hunting grounds, where they spend a good part of the season. The majority of them are members of the Limited Gun Club, where they obtain practice as marksmen.

WHAT TO WEAR.

An essential thing for a man in hunting is to wear the proper attire. The first thing in this line to be taken care of is his feet. A light, strong shoe well broken in should be worn. New shoes should never be used in the field because, on account of the uneven walking, one's feet soon become tired and sore. These shoes should be of the lace pattern and have a bellows-shaped tongue to keep the weeds and seeds from working inside. Hunting boots, so men who have hunted extensively say, should not be worn, because they become too heavy and tire a man too much, and then, if the trousers are put down in the tops of them, they will cut all of the seeds and Spanish-needles from the weeds, and in a short time will become filled and walking made very uncomfortable. Leggings such as the soldiers wear can be worn, but a better way is to strap the trousers around the top of the shoes similar to the way a bicycle rider wears his. A hunter should also wear light woolen underwear, unless it be extreme weather, and a heavy flannel shirt. His trousers should be made of corduroy or canvas, and his coat and cap of the same material. He should also wear a pair of light leather gloves to keep his hands free from the scratches of briars. On a hunting expedition where one is to be gone some time he should also take a pair of light rubber boots, so if it happens to rain while he is away he will lose no time in going through the fields.

Every sportsman has his favorite gun, but the one for all around field work should not weigh more than six or seven pounds and should be of the hammerless ejector pattern of any of the standard makes. The cost of these guns is anywhere from $20 to $350, so that one has no lack of variety to choose from. The gun for service should be a twenty-six or twenty-eight-inch barrel, with a twelve or sixteen gauge. The right barrel should be a cylinder, while the left should be what is called the modified choke. The shells used for a twelve-gauge gun should be loaded with three drams of smokeless powder and one ounce or one and one-eighth of No. 8 or 9 shot. For a sixteen-gauge gun two and one-half drams of powder, with from three-fourths to an ounce of shot should be used. Considering the fact that the quail usually lies until the hunter is close to him a heavy gun and a heavy load are entirely unnecessary. A quail is usually killed at twenty or thirty yards, so that at the first of the season a No. 9 shot should be used, while later a No. 8, because then the birds are older and their plumage is heavier.

When a man's dog comes to a point on a covey of birds he should look at the surrounding territory to see if any stock is near and to also ascertain where the nearest available cover is, because the covey when flushed will make straight for the cover. After having taken in the surrounding territory the hunter should station himself where he will get a double shot without being in a hurry. If he be a quick shot he will sometimes shove in an extra shell and kill the laggard of the covey. Quail shooting in itself is an art, and the secret of its success is for a man to take his time. When the birds are flushed he should be deliberate and not hurry in getting his gun ready to shoot. A quail goes from the weeds or hiding place with a rising, spiral movement, and until he gets settled in his flight he is an exceedingly difficult target. If the hunter will take his time and allow him to steady himself in the air he will present an easy mark.

Lighthouse in a Desert.

New York Tribune.

There is at least one lighthouse in the world that is not placed on any mariner's chart. It is away out on the Arizona desert, and marks the spot where a well supplies pure, fresh water to travelers. It is the only place where water may be had for forty-five miles to the eastward and for at least thirty miles in any other direction. The "house" consists of a tall cottonwood pole, to the top of which a lantern is hoisted every night. The light can be seen for miles across the plain in every direction.

PRINCETON'S NEW PRESIDENT.

Dr. Woodrow Wilson, recently installed as president of Princeton University, is engaged on another important literary work, to which he finds time to devote himself, despite the laborious duties of his new post. Dr. Wilson's contributions to political, economical and historical literature are well known.

SPELL PRETZEL WITH A "B"

SO SAYS PETER BAUMANN, KING OF PRETZEL BAKERS.

He Defies Dictionaries and Insists that There Is a Distinction—His Long Career.

"Spell it with a 'b,' sir—spell it with a 'b.'" There was no mistaking the fact that the words were spoken in a tone of stern command, and the newspaper visitor in the obscure little bakery hastily, and with some embarrassment, crossed out the word "pretzel," which he had just written in his notebook, while a confused recollection of a famous quotation popped into his head—the urgent request of Sam Weller's proud father, during the immortal Mr. Pickwick's trial for breach of promise, when the elder Mr. Weller, in reply to the judge's query as to the proper manner of spelling his name, had said: "Spell it with a 'wee,' my lord—put it down a 'wee.'"

If there is one thing above all others that Peter Baumann, king of bretzel makers, holds in unutterable contempt, it is the Americanized word, "pretzel." "Why, I couldn't make a pretzel if I wanted to," he said, as he leaned back in his comfortable German chair and puffed at his comfortable German pipe. "But I don't want to. A pretzel, as made by your fancy up-to-date bakery, is about as much like a bretzel as a glass of sugar water is like a glass of sparkling beer. I make bretzels—the original, old German bretzels, such as I learned to make in Stuttgart when a boy. And I am one of the few bakers in the whole United States that know how to make 'em in the right way, too."

PETER BAUMANN IS KING.

Peter Baumann is, in fact, recognized among the Germans as the king of bretzel makers in this part of the country. There are but four other genuine bretzel manufacturing concerns in the United States, and one of these, as Mr. Baumann explains with a touch of dry humor, "can hardly be classed as the real thing since it spells bretzels with a 'p.'" Mr. Baumann's bretzel-making establishment is not a pretentious concern, and it is not even generally known that the best of all bretzel makers holds forth right here in Indianapolis. He says that he has never attracted much attention because few people, outside of his regular patrons, know anything about his curious little colony in Baumann's alley. A map of the city will show Baumann's alley as the little lane that extends in the form of the letter V between Indiana avenue and West Walnut street. On the corner of the latter thoroughfare and the alley stands the baker's residence—a big frame dwelling—and behind it on both sides of the lane are a number of rambling wooden buildings which form the bakery, the storeroom, the shipping room and the office of the curious little industry. One could live in the neighborhood for years and never know of the existence of the busy establishment. And yet 6,000 saloons in and about the city of Indianapolis are supplied with bretzels by this old-fashioned German bakery every day, and as many more out-of-town beer dealers depend upon Baumann and his assistants for their supply of bretzels. Baumann doesn't have to trouble himself about getting orders; he has no opposition in the making of genuine German bretzels because nobody else hereabouts knows how to make them.

LEARNED TRADE IN GERMANY.

The king of the bretzel makers learned his trade when a boy of fourteen in his birthplace, Stuttgart, which is considered the home of good bretzels in Germany. There is a secret about manufacturing the real article that the American bakers, progressive as they are, seem unable to fathom, and Baumann possesses that secret. He came to America when he was twenty-four years old and started his first bakery at Springfield, O., coming to Indianapolis to locate a few years later upon learning that this city contained a good sized German population. He has been in Indianapolis ever since and has carried on his bretzel business in the alley which has been named after him for nearly twenty years. He has a dozen men besides his two sons working in the little bakery from early morning until night and turns out an enormous amount of the salty little "twisters" every day. He has invented an ingenious machine that shapes the dough into the proper bretzel form, and by this contrivance is now able to prepare 185 molded bretzels for the oven in one minute's time.

It seems queer that cities so notably "German" in their make-up as Cincinnati and St. Louis should look to Indianapolis for their bretzels, and yet numerous boxes of the favorite "beer cakes" are shipped to these cities from the little bakery every day or two, many of the saloon keepers of those towns preferring the bretzels from Baumann's alley to the ones manufactured in their own midst. Some Chicago beer halls are also patrons of the Indianapolis bretzel maker, one State-street saloon keeper in particular being an ardent admirer of the Indianapolis brittle cakes, which he declares are to be equaled nowhere else in the United States.

UNIQUE CONCERN.

There is perhaps no business concern in this city that is of a more unique character than the modest little industry in Baumann's alley. It is of such a thoroughly German appearance that the visitor feels as if he had been transported to some little baker's shop in the faraway fatherland the moment he crosses its threshhold. The employes are all Germans and but little English is spoken in the course of the day's work. Although bretzels are the principal stock in trade of the establishment, the bakery does a thriving business in other things as well. Hundreds of loaves of rye bread are baked in the ovens every morning, and during the Christmas season the bakers put in extra time making the "springles," "leb kuchens" and other holiday cakes which always form so important a part of the jolly holiday time among the Germans.

In the little storerooms opposite the bakery are boxes and barrels of different kinds of cheese, pickled herring, pigs' feet, tripe, pickles and sauer kraut, for the king of the bretzel makers also supplies a third of the saloons of Indianapolis with their free lunches. In fact, it seems to be the purpose of the occupants of Baumann's alley to furnish all of the solid accompaniments for a glass of beer, and if the greedy patron of the saloon's free lunch counter was turned loose in Baumann's alley he would for once be certain to get his fill. Although the various kinds of food that go to make up the free lunch outfit are the best of their kind and are kept in the best of condition, the united odor arising from such things as Limburger cheese and sauer kraut, to say nothing of the various other delicacies, is likely to drive the American-born visitor back to the bretzel department across the way.

A GOOD STORY.

A good story is told by the employes of the establishment in connection with Peter Baumann's hatred for the word "pretzel." Some time ago he found that it would be necessary to have his delivery wagons repainted and decided to have the leading feature of his business printed in good big letters on the sides of the vehicles. "What's the use of calling this Baumann's bakery?" he argued. "Anybody can be a baker. But it isn't everybody that can make bretzels. We must have 'bretzels' painted on the wagons, by all means." And he accordingly sent word to the painter to give especial attention to this important part of the job. The wagons were turned over to the painter one Saturday with instructions to be sure to have them ready for business early the next Monday morning. The painter promised that they should be on hand, and he was as good as his word. The newly decorated wagons were receiving their loads of crisp, shining bretzels on the following Monday morning when Baumann suddenly sprang from his office chair and almost cleared the width of the alley in a single bound as he rushed excitedly into the bakery.

"Don't dare to send out those wagons!" he exclaimed as the men stopped short in their work to gaze at him in astonishment. "Get out the old wagons—the ones without any paint on 'em at all. Do you think I'm going to deliver my goods among Germans that have patronized me for years with wagons like that?"

"Like what?" asked the men in chorus, still unable to account for the sudden irritability of their good-natured employer.

"Like what!" cried Peter Baumann, "Why, look at what that fool painter has painted on every one of those wagons." And while his eyes flashed with indignation, he pointed a scornful forefinger to the word "Pretzel," which loomed up in great bold letters under his name on the wagon nearest him.

The old wagons were used in making the delivery rounds that day while the painter worked overtime doing the greater part of his job all over again.

SOON TIRED OF MARITAL YOKE.

Mrs. Gallatin, on the eve of her wedding trip, is suing her husband for divorce. He is handsome, wealthy and well known in Eastern society circles. The couple was married three months and against the wishes of the bride's mother. A quarrel is the cause of the suit. Mr. Gallatin protests that he loves his wife, and is doing all he can to effect a reconciliation. He is a grandson of Albert Gallatin, one time secretary of the treasury.

BETWEEN CHURCH BRETHREN.

Another Noted Trial in Which "Dick" Thompson Appeared.

My grandfather, Uriah Glover, entered a large body of land on the classic Lost river, near Orleans, Orange county, in 1812. He was born in Elizabethtown, N. J., in 1773, "moved" with his father to Uniontown, Pa., and in 1797 "floated" down the Ohio river to Louisville. In the spring of 1814, two years before Indiana became a State, he crossed to the north side of the "beautiful river" and took possession of the land he had "entered" two years before. He was a stanch Baptist, and the meeting house was built on a picturesque spot on one corner of his farm. The building was "convenient to water," and the church grew and prospered until about 1836, when the heretofore peaceful old society was rent asunder on the question of "missions." My grandfather was the leader of the missionary faction, while Julius Turner, an old "ironside" preacher who lived in the neighborhood, led the "antis." The "split" was complete and finally resulted in a bitter contest over the church building. Both sides wanted the use of it at the same hour. One beautiful day in June, 1836, both factions had appointments for preaching at 11 o'clock a. m. The people gathered in great numbers to see the result of the contest. Elder Turner, the "ironside" preacher, was a "foxy" old brother and stole a march on my grandfather. He, with a few of his trusted brethren, was on the ground early and took possession of the church before the missionaries had adjusted their "stocks" and blacked their boots for the occasion. Elder Turner had not only arrived at an unseemly hour, but he actually began to preach two hours before the regular time. What the good brother said during those eventful hours has, I regret to say, been forever lost. He, no doubt, denounced the faction that had "fallen away" and who wanted to waste their substance in trying to convert the poor benighted heathen. What he said about predestination and reprobation and eternal damnation will never be known. In fact, it has little to do with the case.

When my grandfather arrived the preacher was "whanging" away. To say that he was mad when he found Brother Turner in the pulpit would but feebly express it. Without saying a word he walked out of the church. He was gone but a few moments, when he returned carrying an old-fashioned plow line. He marched into the pulpit, tied the old preacher, led him out of the church and hitched him to a small tree which stood near by. During all this time the preaching never ceased, and everybody got the gospel absolutely free, except my dear old grandfather.

It cost him dearly before he got through. He was sued for damages, and right here was where "Dick" Thompson came into the case. He was employed to defend. The battle was long and hard fought, but with all his eloquence Colonel Thompson could not save his client. The verdict was for the plaintiff, and the jury assessed the damage at $1,450. That, with costs and lawyers' fees, probably cost my grandfather more than $2,000. JOHN B. GLOVER.

REVOLUTIONARY PENSIONERS.

List of Soldiers of War for Independence Who Settled in Indiana.

Indiana as a State was not in existence during the revolutionary war, but many veterans of that war afterwards made their way west and became pioneers in the new Territory. The formation of the numerous patriotic societies in recent years has aroused a special interest in the identification of these early settlers. Mr. Robert S. Hatcher, now of Washington, a member of the Indiana Society of Sons of the American Revolution, realizing the difficulty of securing this information has kindly forwarded to the Journal a list of revolutionary soldiers who became residents of the State. It is copied from an extremely rare publication, containing 672 pages, entitled, "Letter from the secretary of war transmitting a report of the names, rank and line of every person placed on the pension list in pursuance of the act of the 18th of March, 1818," and printed at Washington in 1820. The list is given below:

William Alexander, private, Pennsylvania.
Richard Avit, sergeant, Pennsylvania.
Thomas Green Alvy, private, Maryland.
Benjamin Buckman, sergeant, Massachusetts.
David Boylls, private, Virginia.
John Bray, private, Virginia.
Charles Boyll, private, Virginia.
John Burns, private, Virginia.
Charles Cook, private, Virginia.
Henry Cloyer, private, Virginia.
Bartholomew Carrol, private, Virginia.
Michael Courtney, private, Virginia.
John Chambers, private, Virginia.
Jacob Coleman, lieutenant, Virginia.
Terrence Connor, private, Virginia.
John Cline, private, Virginia.
David Davis, matross, Pennsylvania.
Leiman Deasky, private, New Jersey.
Samuel Dedman, private, Virginia.
Stephen Dolph, private, Connecticut.
Elias Edens, private, South Carolina.
John Field, private, Virginia.
Thomas Flowers, private, Pennsylvania.
David Findley, private, Pennsylvania.
Thomas Flyn, private, Delaware.
Jonah Frisbee, private, Massachusetts.
George Guess, private, Pennsylvania.
William Goben, private, Pennsylvania.
Job Hamblen, private, Virginia.
William Hood, private, North Carolina.
Daniel Harris, private, North Carolina.
David Haney, private, Pennsylvania.
Job Hammond, private, Virginia.
Thomas Johnston, private, Pennsylvania.
Arthur Johnson, private, Virginia.
John Judd, private, Pennsylvania.
Richard Kinney, private, Maryland.
Daniel Kenny, private, Pennsylvania.
George Keiphart, private, Maryland.
Francis Lucas, private, Virginia.
David Livingston, private, Pennsylvania.
Kimbrow Landres, private, Virginia.
John Long, private, Virginia.
Francis Lang, private, Maryland.
Matthew McAfee, private, Pennsylvania.
Noah Miller, private, New Jersey.
Alexander Montgomery, private, Maryland.
Emanuel Medak, private, New Jersey.
John May, private, North Carolina.
James Jeffrey Murphy, private, Virginia.
James Mahoney, private, Virginia.
Jesse McKenzey, private, Maryland.
John Masters, private, Virginia.
Jacob Myers, private, North Carolina.
William Overlin, private, Virginia.
John Pritchett, private, North Carolina.
Hugh Parks, private, North Carolina.
Asabel Phelps, private, Connecticut.
John Pennetent, private, Virginia.
Samuel Pendock, private, Rhode Island.
Howard Putnam, private, Massachusetts.
Charles Pierce, private, Massachusetts.
Jacob Plough, private, New Jersey.
Zebulon Pike, captain, Pennsylvania.
David Porter, private, Virginia.
Nathan Peak, sergeant, Maryland.
Nathaniel Richmond, private, Massachusetts.
James Ranstead, private, Massachusetts.
Stephen Rodgers, private, Virginia.
Thomas Ross, private, Virginia.
William Rose, private, Pennsylvania.
George Sparling, private, New Jersey.
Daniel Sullivan, private, Pennsylvania.
Andrew Stepleton, private, Virginia.
Samuel Stone, private, Massachusetts.
Isaac Stevens, private, New Jersey.
Thomas Sample, private, South Carolina.
Thomas Smith, private, Virginia.
David Stilwell, private, North Carolina.
Daniel Shed, private, New Hampshire.
James Taff, private, Virginia.
Smith Turner, private, Virginia.
Christopher Trinkle, private, Virginia.
Peter Vandeventer, private, Virginia.
John Whitacar, private, Virginia.
Michael Wilson, private, Virginia.
Reuben Wyman, private, Massachusetts.
Obadiah Walker, private, Connecticut.
John Whitteker, private, Virginia.
Daniel Welch, private, Connecticut.
Robert Wright, private, New York.
Cornelius Westfall, ensign, Virginia.
Abraham Wood, private, Pennsylvania.
James Wheeler, private, Virginia.

STAGE HANDS' STORY

THEY SEE ACTORS AS NO ONE ELSE SEES THEM.

Contact with the Profession Brings About Many Interesting Incidents—Their Viewpoint.

MANSFIELD MUCH FEARED

INTOLERANT IN HIS ARROGANCE TO SCENE HANDLERS.

Mrs. Kendal, Kellar, Nat Goodwin and Other Favorites—Many Amusing Things Happen Among Them.

No one knows more about the personal characteristics of actors than the stage hands who see them every night behind the big curtain out of the glitter and glory of the footlights. In the course of a theatrical season most of the prominent dramatic stars appear on the stage of English's Opera House, and the employes behind the great plush portieres—drop curtain no longer—have every opportunity to become pretty well acquainted with the habits and manners of the celebrated Thespians. If an actor would like to see himself just as he really is, without his make-up and his stage affectations—all he has to do is to listen at the keyhole of the door leading to the property room some morning when the stage hands, after several hours of work in preparing the scenery for the forthcoming performance, indulge in a little friendly gossip about the current attraction and the players that are producing it.

There is a great deal written nowadays about theatrical people as they appear in the glare of the calcium light and theatrical people as they appear to the interviewer, in the privacy of their hotel rooms. The great reading public seems to possess an ever-growing curiosity about the people of the stage, but nobody ever thinks to ask those real biographers, the stage hands, what they have to say on the subject. It is behind the scenes that the actor's real nature asserts itself most, and the little company of men that manage the scenery and stage properties at English's have decided views of their own concerning the famous stars—views that are not always in accordance with those you see printed in the "glimpses of stage life" in the popular magazines and the dramatic departments of the big Sunday newspapers.

JEFFERSON IS NERVOUS.

For instance, it seems rather surprising to learn from the stage hands that Joseph Jefferson, of the kindly features and gentle manner, is in reality extremely nervous and "fussy" back of the scenes during a performance, and that Harry Kellar, the well-known magician, who impresses his audiences as a somewhat severe and uncongenial person, is in reality one of the best-liked performers on the American stage, from the stage hands' point of view. Whenever the magician plays an engagement in this city people in the audience are often heard to wonder how he manages "to keep the stage hands from seeing into his tricks and giving 'em all away." In the first place he does not even attempt to prevent the stage hands from "seeing into his tricks," and in the second place there is not an employe connected with the theater who would "give 'em away" even if he did "see into 'em." The stage hands say that Kellar has a way of his own of "making himself solid" with all of them. He always drops into the theater some time during the day preceding his first performance, and, gathering the employes about him, gives a little magical entertainment just for their special amusement and then proceeds to show them how to perform a number of feats of sleight of hand. Then he treats everybody to a glass of beer and a sandwich and when his engagement is at an end he usually leaves a little souvenir with each of the men in the shape of a two-dollar bill. He never extracts any promises of secrecy concerning his methods of conjuring; his knowledge of human nature is too keen for that. He knows well enough that none of the employes will betray his carefully guarded secrets after the kindnesses he has shown them all, and the men all like him so much the more for the trust he reposes in them.

MRS. KENDAL A FAVORITE.

It is a matter of considerable interest to learn that the stately Mrs. Kendal is a great favorite with stage hands. The dignified English actress would never be suspected of being especially popular among the scene shifters and carpenters behind the big curtain, and yet there is no actress that has ever appeared at English's who has won so much respect and admiration from the employes on the stage. When she last played in this city she had every attache of the theater "completely won over," and at the close of her engagement presented all of the stage hands with pecuniary presents as rewards for the faithful performance of their duties. Next to Mrs. Kendal, E. H. Sothern is considered the most generous actor on the stage in a tipping way. He is always ready to pay liberally for every extra bit of work done for him and will not permit good work of any kind to go unrewarded. The stage hands look up to him as the prince of all stage managers, and while some of them think that he is a little too particular regarding details, all admit that his productions are given with machine-like smoothness that is remarkable.

MANSFIELD'S VISIT DREADED.

Richard Mansfield, whose only performance in Indianapolis this season was given last night at English's, is dreaded by all stage hands, and he knows it. There is not one of them who will not readily concede that he is the greatest of all American actors and a fine stage director, but they say that he is overbearing to the limit and is simply intolerable in his irritability if anything goes wrong during a performance. When he appeared in this city in "Cyrano de Bergerac" three years ago he caught sight of one of the stage hands expectorating in a cuspidore in one of the wings. "King Richard," as they call him, took the trouble to walk across the stage behind the back setting to the place where the unfortunate employe was standing, and, going up to him, said in a voice trembling with rage: "The next time you feel called upon to spit, you will leave the theater and go out into the street." The stage hands declare that the actor was so excited over this trivial incident that he came within an ace of missing his cue a few moments later.

William H. Crane, who recently played an engagement here in "David Harum," is held in great respect by the men behind